

## The Dark

Why are we so afraid of the dark?  
It doesn't bite and doesn't bark  
Or chase old ladies round the park  
Or steal your sweeties for a lark

And though it might not let you see  
It lets you have some privacy  
And gives you time to go to sleep  
Provides a place to hide or weep

It cannot help but be around  
When beastly things make beastly sounds  
When back doors slam and windows creek  
When cats have fights and voices shriek

The dark is cosy, still and calm  
And never does you any harm  
In the loft, below the sink  
It's somewhere nice and quiet to think

Deep in cupboards, pockets too  
It's always lurking out of view  
Why won't it come out till it's night?  
Perhaps the dark's afraid of light

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